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FARM & HOME HOUR

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS" #100

11:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.

APRIL 27, 1934.

FRIDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" --

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER SONG.

ANNOUNCER: In our National Forests many kinds of improvements are required for adequate protection and for administrative use. There are ranger stations, telephone lines, lookout stations, trails, roads, fences and many other structures. The ranger force looks after the maintenance as well as the construction of all these improvements. In the spring time the maintenance work is the heaviest, for it is then necessary to inspect all improvements and repair the damages caused by the storms and the snows of winter. And so today at the Pine Cone Ranger Station we discover that trail repair work is the program for the day, and we find Rangers Jim Robbins and Jerry Quick in the tool-shed which sits between the ranger station house and the barn. The men are sorting out the tools to be used on the work. Here they are --



(SOUND OF AXES, MATTOCKS AND SHOVELS BEING MOVED)

JIM: Jerry, I thought you said you sharpened all these axes.

JERRY: So I did.

JIM: Well how about this one - call that sharp?

JERRY: That's the best I could do with it, Jim - I worked on it almost an hour yesterday. Somebody must've hit a rock with it -- took the whole edge off.

JIM: Better watch those fellows, Jerry - if they're careless with the tools, jack 'em up about it.

JERRY: Okay, Jim.

JIM: I wonder what's keeping Bill.

JERRY: I dunno. He said he'd be here by 7 o'clock sure. Maybe he's had trouble with that colt he's breakin' to pack.

JIM: Well I don't want any unbroken horses on this job. We hired pack horses, Jerry, and we can't fool around with unbroken broncos.

JERRY: Here they come now.

(SOUND OF SEVERAL HORSES TROTTING, COMING CLOSER)

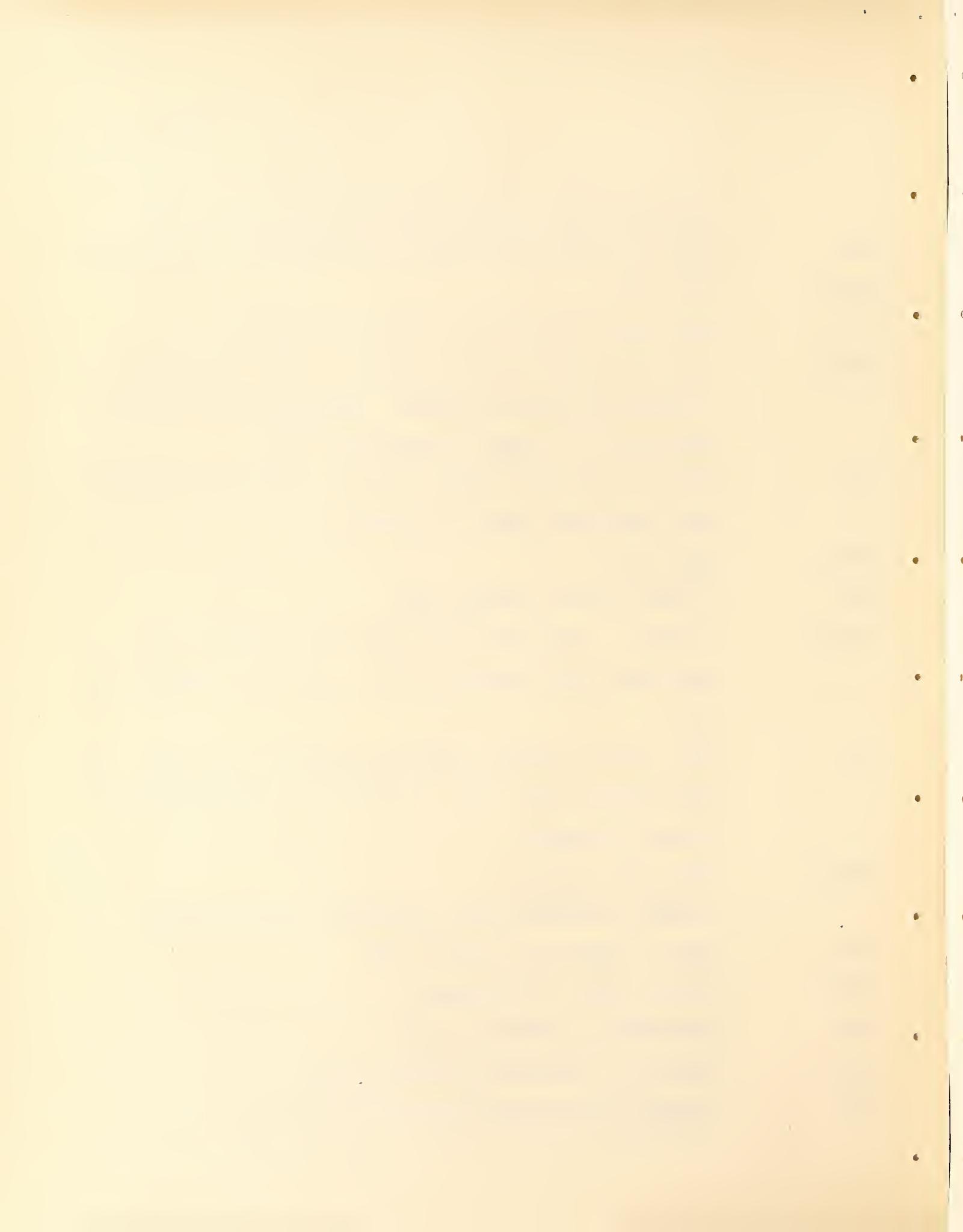
BILL: (OFF) Whoa--oo - mornin' men.

JERRY: Morning Bill - H'lo Shorty.

JIM: Hello Bill -- all set to go?

BILL: You bet! All set an' rarin' to go.

JIM: I began to think you weren't coming --



BILL: Seven o'clock? Ain't only 5 minutes past now. Had to be little carefull saddlin' that colt.

JIM: How about that colt, Bill? I don't want any ringy pack horses.

BILL: Don't need ta worry none 'bout that colt, Jim. He's jes' gentle as a kitten.

JIM: I'm anxious to get this repair work done before the fire season starts. Time's getting short. And I don't want things held up by any fool pack horses.

BILL: Leave it tuh me, Jim. We'll hit the ball fer yuh. Where yuh want us t' start in?

JIM: We'll work the Windy Mountain trail and telephone line first. Then up to the Blue Lake Trail, like you did last year.

BILL: You bet. You comin' up with us?

JIM: No, Jerry's going with you. I'm going to start Tex and his gang on the road work.

BILL: Awright Jerry. What's first?

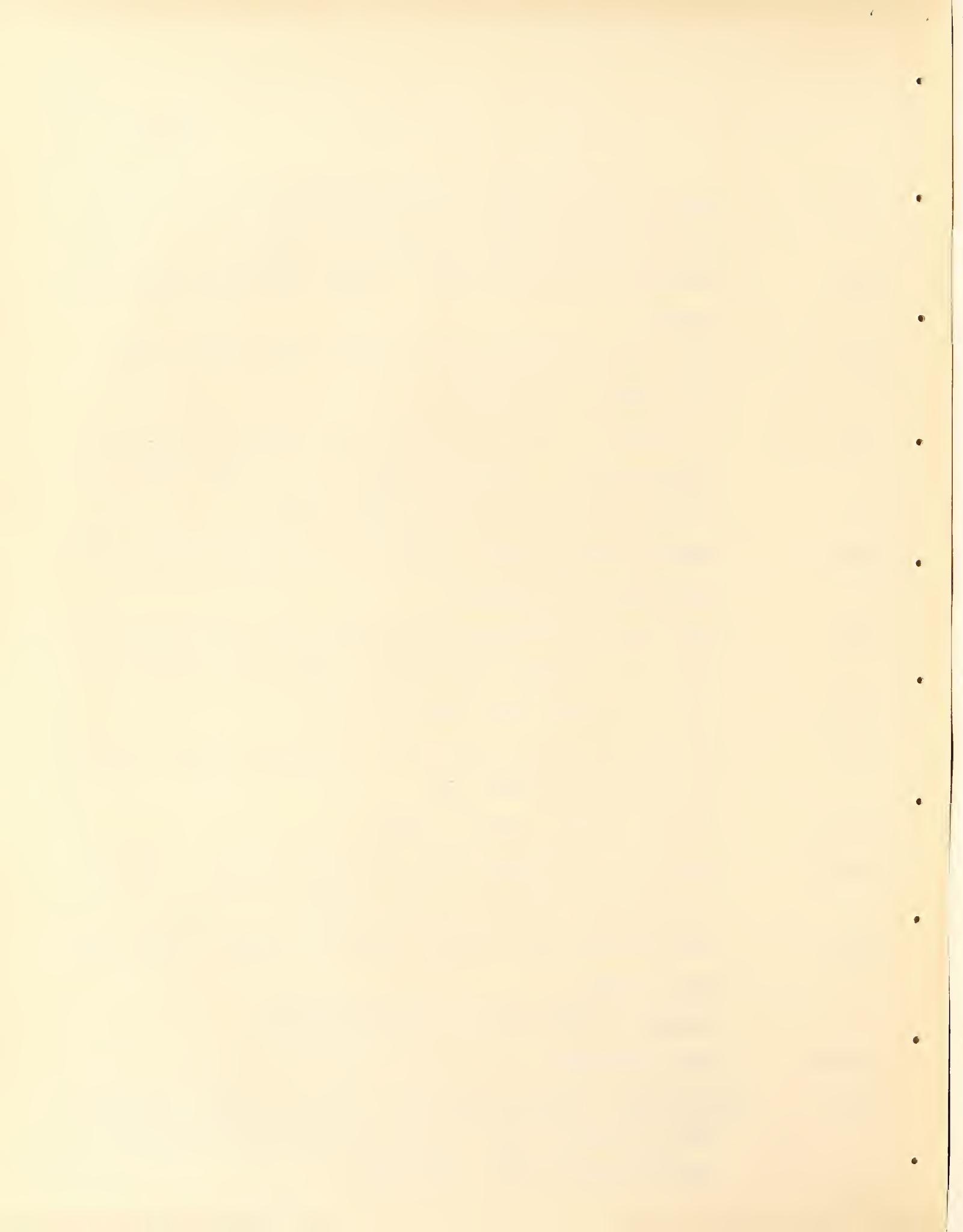
JERRY: We've got everything laid out ready to pack. All this stuff goes -- tools -- tents -- grub.

BILL: Bring up the colt, Shorty. We'll put some o' this light stuff on 'im.

(SOUND OF HORSE WALKING, THEN PRANCING)

JERRY: Hold 'im Shorty.

BILL: (WARNINGLY) Go easy there now. Want to break 'im gentle. Here, I'll hold 'im. Shorty you and Gus slip those panniers up on 'im. Whoa now.



(GUS AND SHORTY GRUNT)

BILL: 'at's the stuff. Whoa, boy (PATS HORSES' NECK) Steady now. That ain't goin to hurtcha. Now throw that tent over the top t' cover it up and put yore diamond hitch on 'er.

JERRY: Easy Shorty. Let me help you.

(SOUND OF RUSTLE OF CANVAS)

JIM: (WARNING) Watch 'im Bill.

BILL: Whoa boy 'whoa!

(SOUND HORSE PITCHING, GENERAL COMOTION, MEN YELLING)

BILL: Yah consarned wall-eyed wampas cat. Fer two bits I'd shoot yuh. (SOUND OF BLOWS)

JERRY: (SARCASTIC) That's the way you break 'em gentle, is it, Bill?

JIM: That's what I was afraid of, Bill. We can't use that bronco.

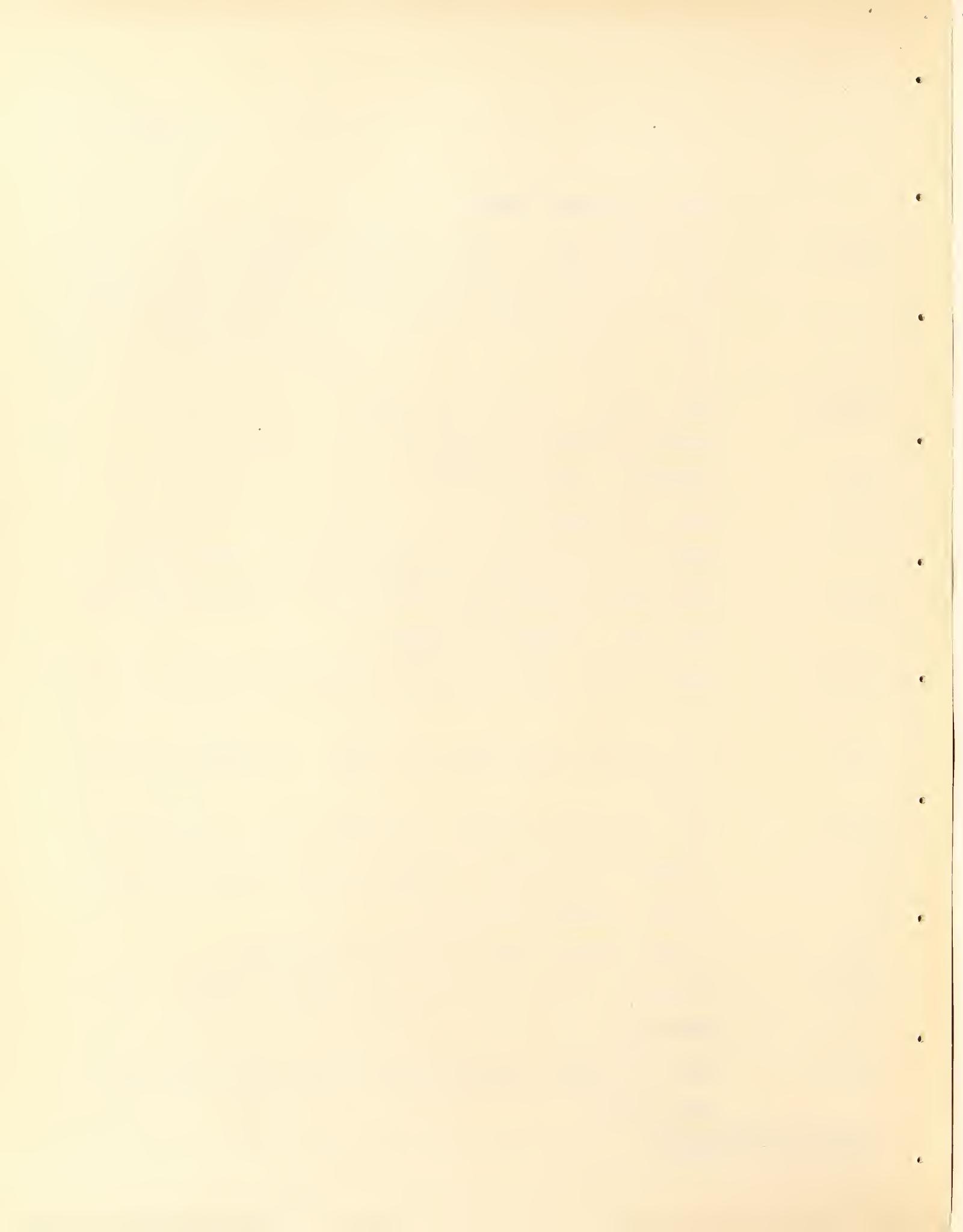
BILL: Well - awright - you're the Doctor, Jim. I got enough without 'im any way. Just brought 'im along extra, so's to get 'im used to packin'.

JIM: I reckon you'll have to leave him behind.

JERRY: Doggone! We've got it to pack all over again. Let's get going.

BILL: Okay - (SHOUTS) - Shorty run 'im into the corral and shut 'im up.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)



(FADE IN)

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING)

JERRY: Whoa Spark (CALLS) Hey Bill. Let's cut these wind falls out of the trail.

BILL: Must o' been lots o' wind up here this winter, Jerry. Whoa.

JERRY: Looks that way, Bill. That one don't look heavy, let's cut it off here and see if we can swing the whole log around off the trail.

(SOUND TWO AXES CHOPPING)

BILL: Here, let me get a holt an' pull the top around.

(CRACK OF BREAKING WOOD)

JERRY: There, Gus. Let's throw this end around. Now altogether

(GRUNTS - THUD OF LOG FALLING) There - now we can get through.

BILL: Good. Start them broncos, Shorty.

JERRY: Just a minute and we'll be with you. Easy, Spark. Whoa, boy.

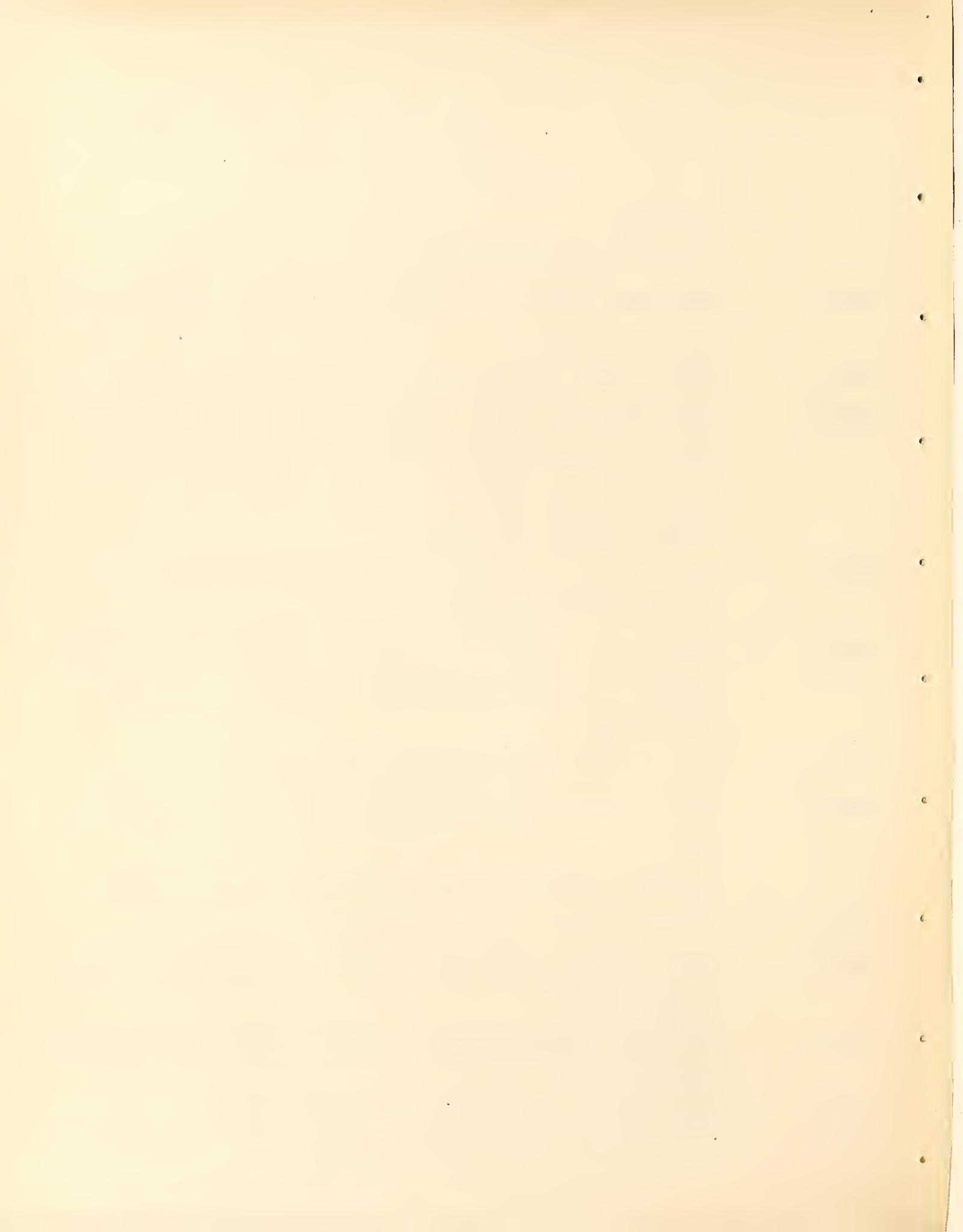
(SOUND OF HORSES PLODDING AND PUFFING - MAN SHOUTING)

BILL: Where we goin' to pitch camp, Jerry?

JERRY: Right ahead in that little meadow. Best place I know of on this trail.

BILL: Just what I was a thinkin'. Good horse-feed, an' wood an' water's handy.

JERRY: Well, here she is. Pretty spot, huh, Bill?



BILL: Yeah. Grass is startin' fine.

JERRY: You darned old cow-poke. All you think of is horse-feed. Don't you like the scenery?

BILL: Well I should smile. Sure I do. But when a man takes a string o' broncos inta the hills he's allers gotta figure on grass.

JERRY: You're right, Bill. We'll pitch the tent over by those trees.

BILL: Sure. (CALLING) Come on, you fellers. Make it snappy. Tent up first.

JERRY: Gus, you grab an axe and cut some poles, while we unpack. (SOUND OF HORSES STAMPING - MEN RATTLING PACK)

BILL: Ready - got her untied?

JERRY: All set, pull th' tent off your side -

BILL: Put the saddles on the pole, Shorty. Those blasted porcupines are thick around here an' I ain't a goin' to feed 'em any o' my saddles.

JERRY: I'll start a fire Bill. You get out the old sour-doug jug and stir up some sinkers.

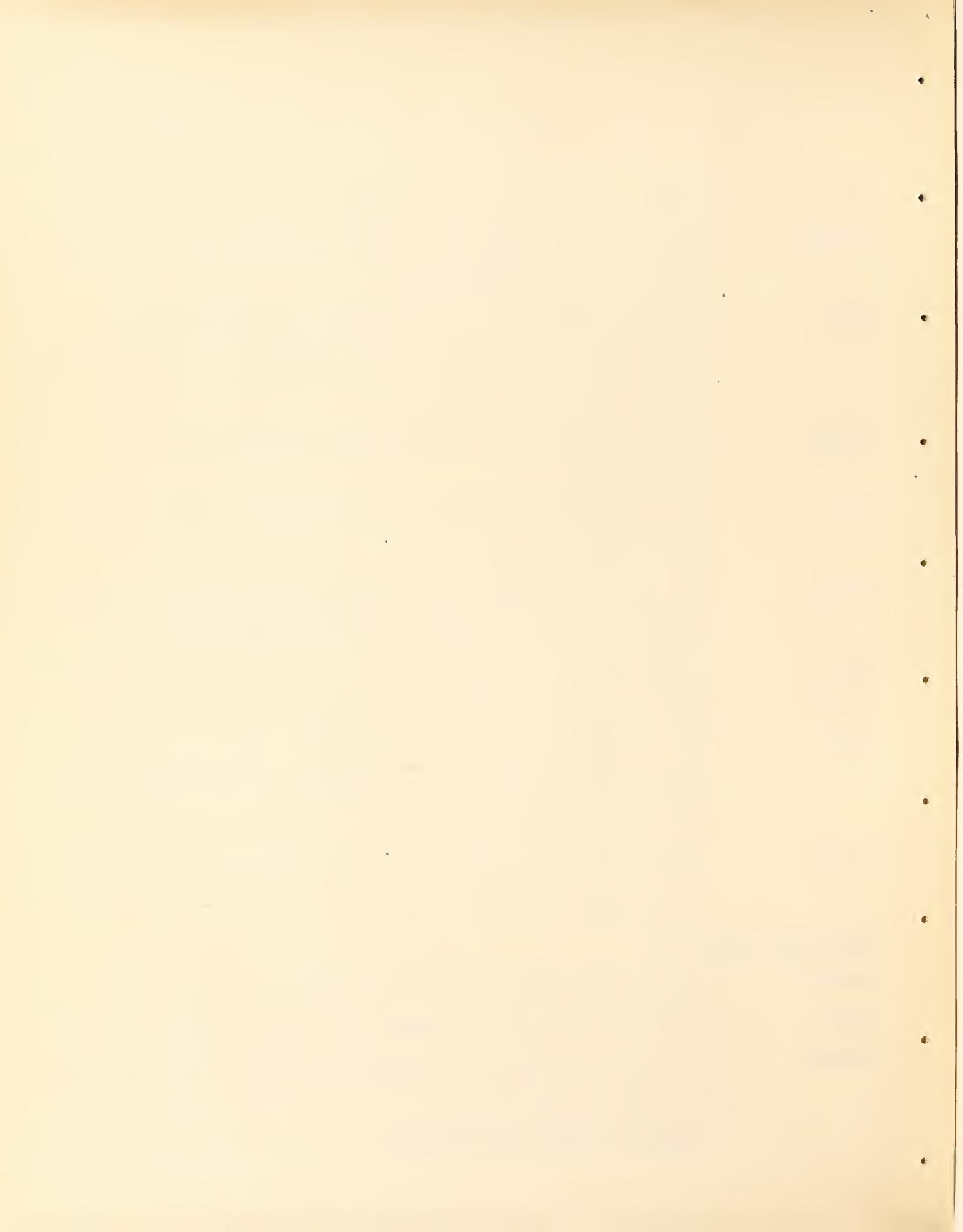
(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JERRY: There's some one coming up the trail.

BILL: Snortin' along, too. Looks like Jim's horse.

JERRY: It is Jim. Wonder what he's doing here. He was going out with the other crew.

(SOUND OF HORSE APPROACHING)



JIM: (OFF) Hello, men. Grub, ready?

BILL: 'Bount all gone, Jim, but git down, I'll stir up somethin' fir yu.

JIM: Don't bother, Bill. I stuck some lunch in my saddle bags.

JERRY: I thought you was going with Tex?

JIM: I was, son, but I got a 'phone call - from the Supervisor which changed my plans.

BILL: I see yure carryin' the old hog-leg, Jim. Huntin' er somethin'?

JIM: Well, not 'xactly. Jerry you get the men started. I want you to go with me up to Windy Mountain.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. If you're in a hurry, Bill can go ahead cutting out windfalls.

BILL: Right y'u are, Jerry. (CALLS) Let's git a move on, fellers. We'll wash th' dishes tonight.

(RATTLE OF DISHES - OFF)

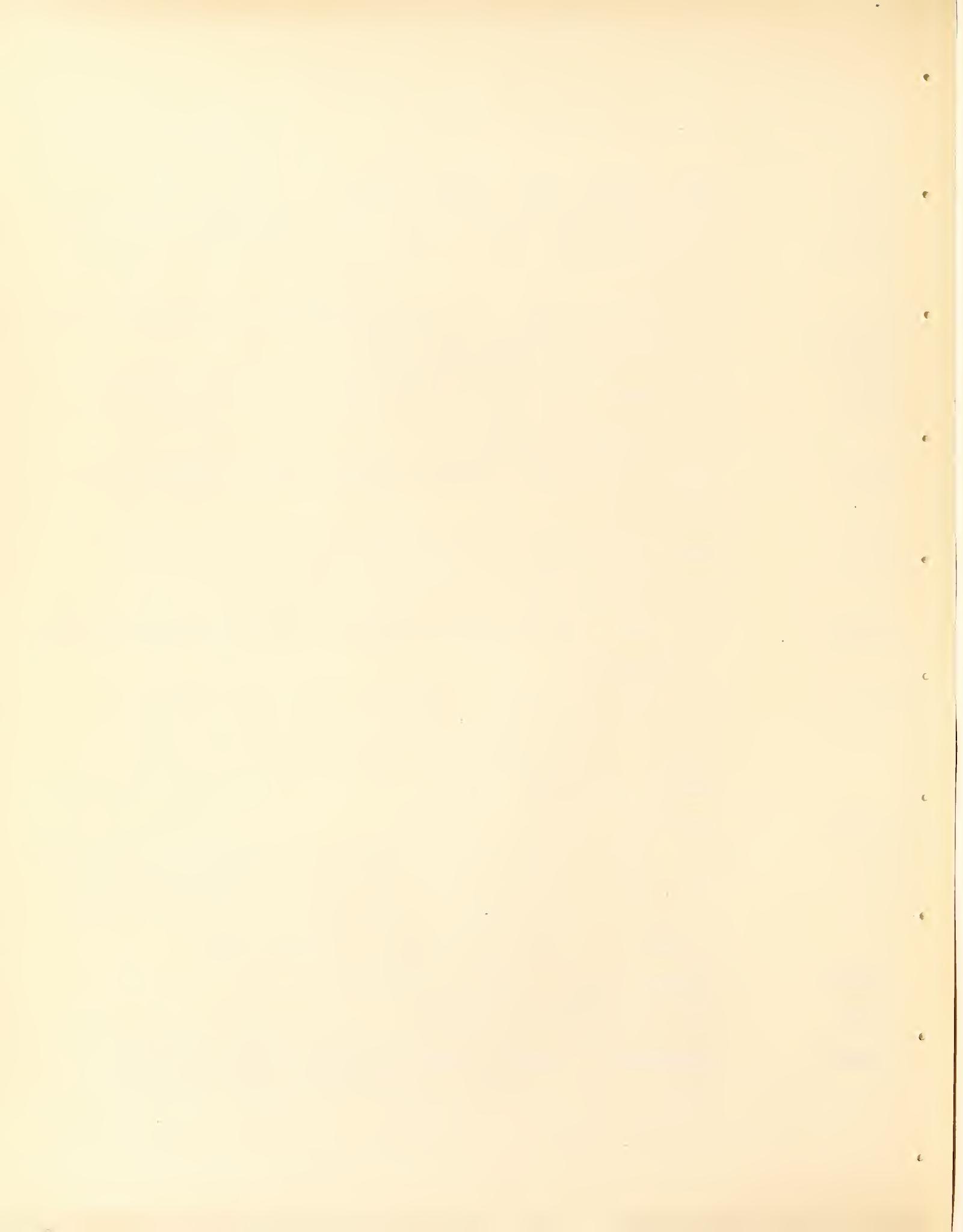
JERRY: (CLOSE UP) What's up, Jim?

JIM: Well, just as I was leaving with Tex, the Supervisor called, and he said he had a word from the Regional Office about a kidnapped girl who was being held around here.

JERRY: Kidnapped girl? Well, I'll be --

JIM: Yes, a girl from back East.

JERRY: (EXCITEDLY) But why are you going to Windy Mountain?



JIM: The girl managed to mail a note to her mother. Said she was held in a ranger cabin and described it. Description sounded like Windy Mountain cabin. Don't sound just right somehow, but thought I'd investigate.

JERRY: Gosh - yes! I'll get Spark.

(SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES CLIMBING)

JIM: We're almost there, Jerry. We'd better tie up and go on afoot. Whoa, Dolly.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark.

JERRY: Going to walk right up to the cabin, Jim?

JIM: No, I think we'd better lay low for a little while and look it over before we go up.

JERRY: Good idea. I wish I had my gun with me.

JIM: Here, you can have mine if you want it. I'll do the talking and you can back me up.

JERRY: All right - thanks Jim -

JIM: Only don't make any unnecessary play with it.

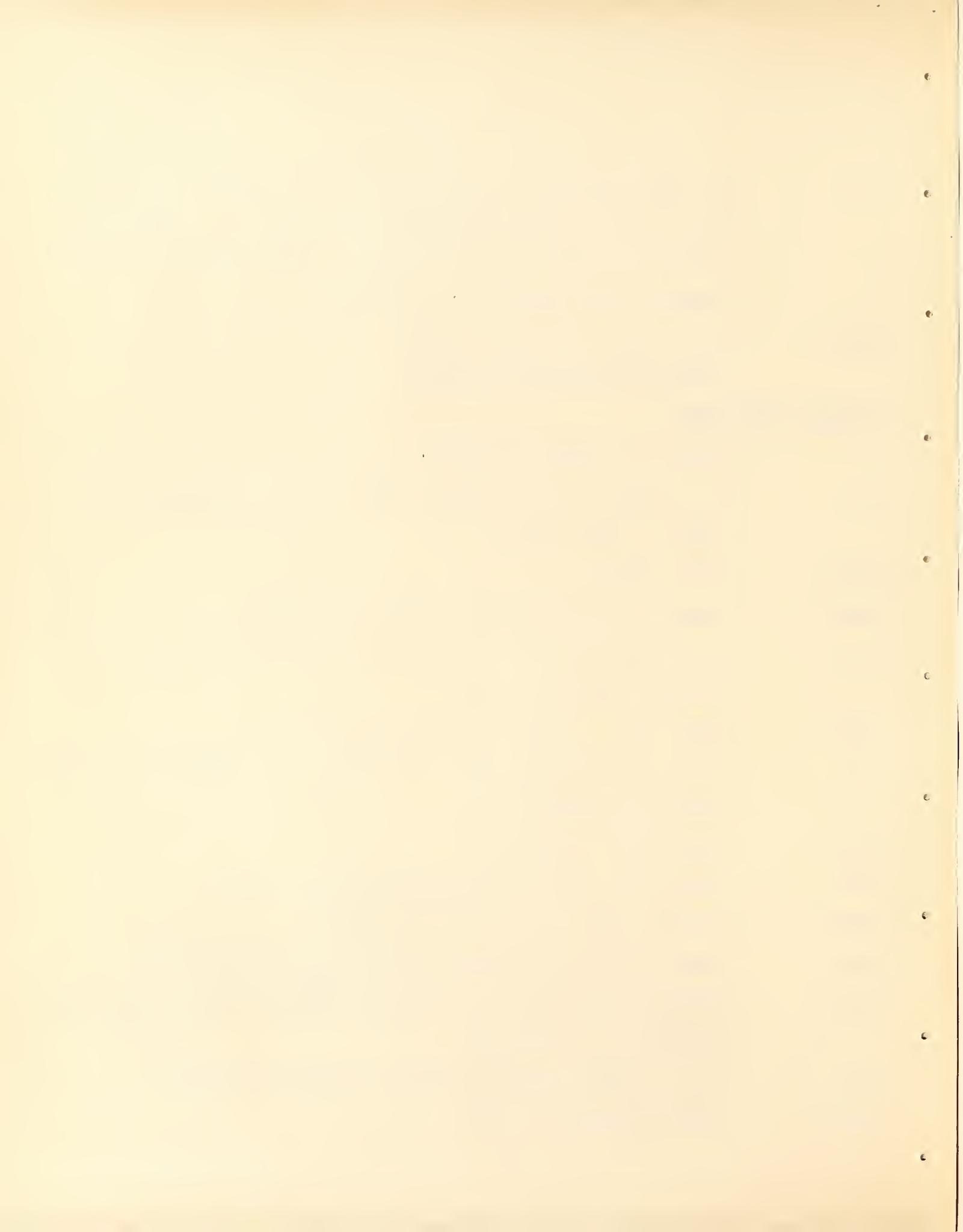
JERRY: You can trust me - there's the cabin.

JIM: Yeah - let's work around where we can see the door.

JERRY: (EXCITED STAGE WHISPER) There's somebody there, all right - Sitting in the doorway.

JIM: Hm - a rough looking customer - what's he doing?

JERRY: Just whittling a stick.



JIM: No, he's talking - see? He turned his head - he's talking to someone over his shoulder.

JERRY: There she is - the woman just came to the door. See, he's pointing out something way across country.

JIM: Well now, do you reckon that's the kidnapped girl?

JERRY: Don't act like it to me - look there - she's flopped right down beside him - got 'er arm around his neck.

(DISGUSTED) Whad do you think of that, she kissed a mug like that -

JIM: They 'pear to be buddies all right. Where do you reckon the kidnapped girl --

JERRY: That's it! They got this woman taking care of 'er - and the fellow is the guard. There's probably a whole gang mixed up in it.

JIM: There don't seem to be anybody else around. I can look right through the cabin from here.

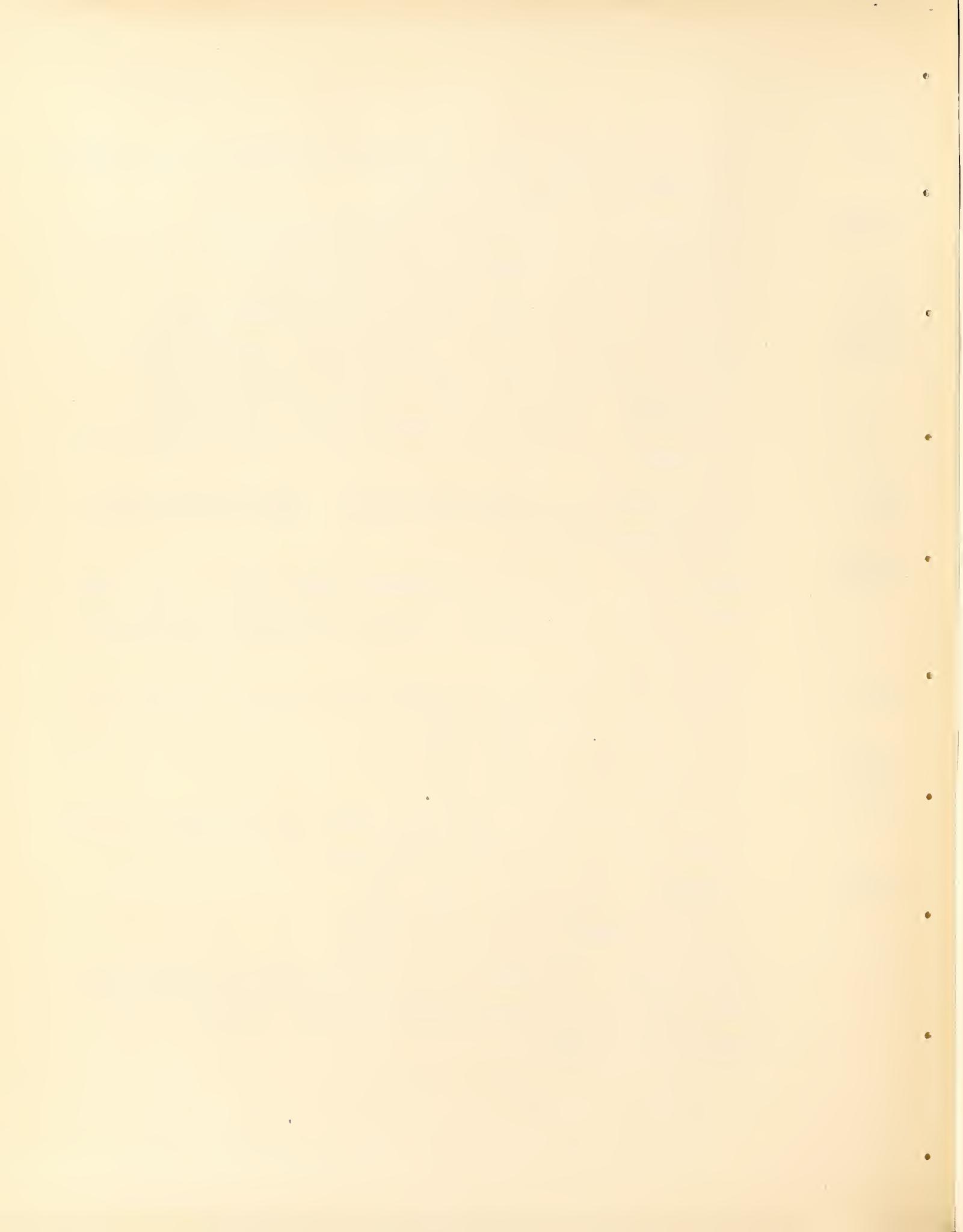
JERRY: Maybe they got her tied up --

JIM: Well we've seen all we can from here - let's mosey up there casual like and see what we can find out.

JERRY: (EAGERLY) All right - let's go.

(SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON ROCKY TRAIL)

JIM: (LOW VOICE) You keep a little behind Jerry with that gun. Just carry it like you happened to have it along. But watch that fellow --



JERRY: (WHISPER) They see us, Jim. They're both looking at us.

JIM: Take it easy.

JERRY: Look, the woman jumped up and went inside.

JIM: We'll have to watch her Jerry. -- (RAISES VOICE) Hello Stranger.

MAN: (OFF GRUFFLY) Hello.

JIM: (COMING UP) My name's Robbins - I'm the Forest Ranger.

MAN: Forest Ranger, huh?

JIM: Yes, this is my assistant, Ranger Quick.

MAN: That so?

JIM: We came up to fix up this cabin for our lookout man. I'm kinda surprised to find it occupied. How long have you been here?

MAN: (DEFIANT) What difference does it make?

WOMAN: (COMING UP) What is it, Joe - What do they want?

JOE: They say they're forest rangers.

WOMAN: What d'ya want with us?

JIM: We might as well come to the point - we're Forest officers. This building you've broken into is Government property and you are subject to arrest for trespass.

WOMAN: (ALARMED) Oh mister we didn't --

JIM: (INTERRUPTING) Just one moment - I want both of you to stand right where you are - (PAUSE) I have information that a kidnapped girl is being held here.



MAN & WOMAN: (TOGETHER) Kidnapped girl??  
(WOMAN GOES INTO HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)

WOMAN: Joe - honey - it's our adventure.

MAN: Yeah - your adventure - you'll get us both in jail.

WOMAN: Oh it's just too good - (MORE LAUGHTER)

JIM: (PUZZLED) What's this?

JERRY: (IMPATIENTLY) Yeah, cut out the comedy. Let's get down to business.

MAN: (PROTESTING) Listen now. You got this all wrong -

WOMAN: Joe - honey. Must we tell -- Oh, isn't this fun? Let them arrest us - (GIGGLES)

JERRY: Don't you move there - stay right where you are.

JIM: Careful, Jerry.

MAN: Aw listen mister. We ain't kidnappers - we --

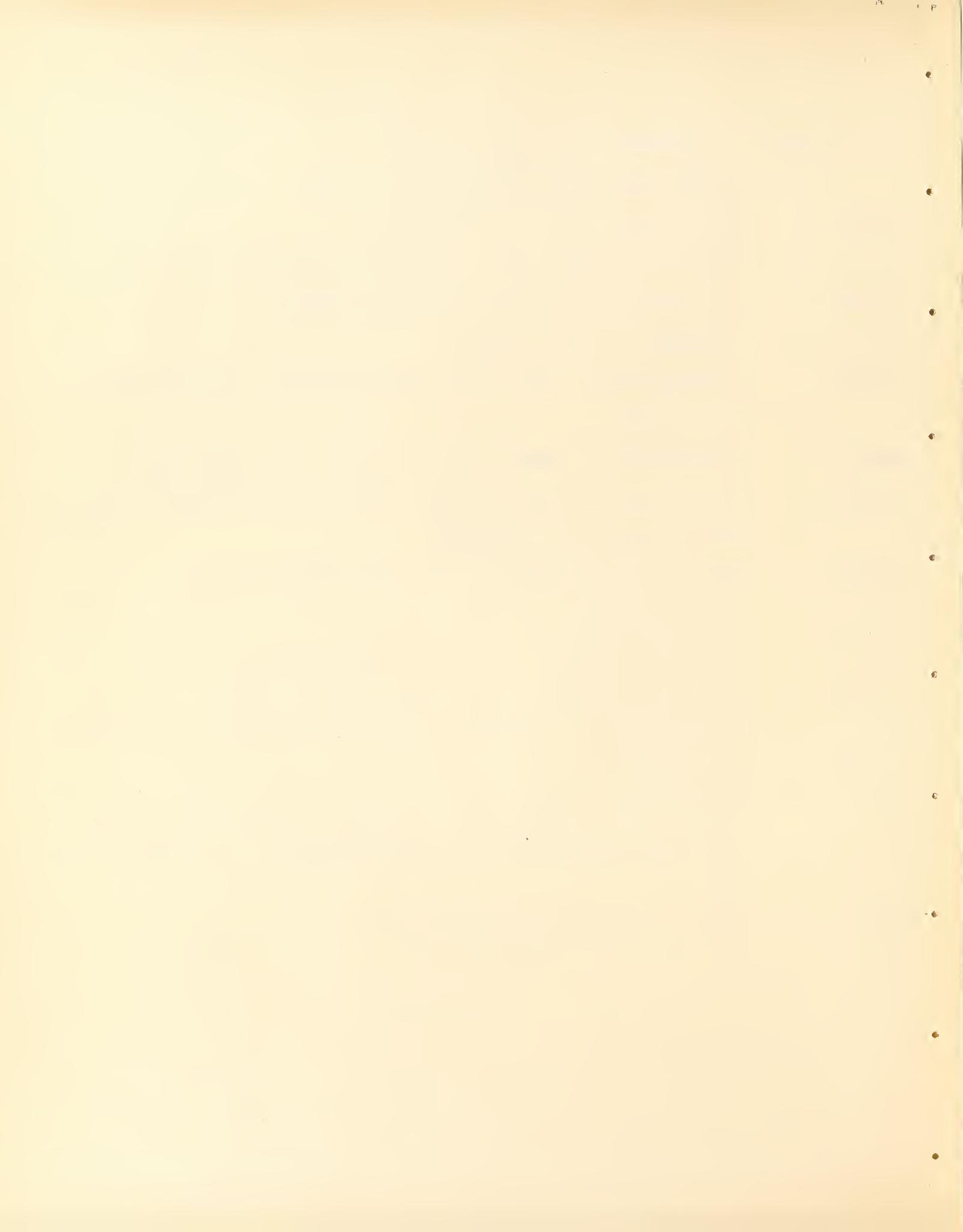
WOMAN: Don't Joe darling - don't tell them a thing --

MAN: (EXPLAINING) It was her screwy idea, mister - We run off'n -

WOMAN: Joe please --

MAN: Well we just got married - we skipped out and got married - and she wrote her folks she was kidnapped. It was just for fun.

JIM: Huh? You mean you eloped, eh?



WOMAN: (LAUGHING) Why of course - oh it's the grandest adventure. You see Mama didn't want us to marry, so we ran away (LAUGHS) and came way out west to this grand place in the mountains. -- Oh it's so thrilling - and I wrote Mama that I was being held by a big bad kidnapper -- (LAUGHS)

JIM: Hmm. Adventure, huh? (CHUCKLES) Well --

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER: Well, I guess they've got some more adventure coming. This program is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

er:10:10 A.M.  
April 16, 1934.

